

A

# REVIEW

OF THE

## Affairs of *FRANCE*:

With Observations on TRANSACTIONS at Home.

Saturday, September 22. 1705.

**T**HE Extravagant Proceedings of the High Churchmen have been such in the Matters some of the last Papers have have been Talking of, that no Wonder it has produced Thoughts as Extravagant in the Minds of the People, especially of those Honest, Well-meaning Persons, who judge of Peoples Meaning by their Words, and do not remember that these sort of Gentlemen, are nor always to be understood to Mean as they say, nor always to Mean any thing at all:

However, as I say, these Things have led abundance of People to Various Suggestions, and some very Wild and Extravagant; so I shall speak only to two of the Cases which I have met with in our present Circumstances.

1. One Honest, Well-meaning Gentleman, upon Reading the *Memorial*, came very Seriously to me, with the following Question: *Sir*, says he, *the Language of this*

*Book, speaks a great Deal of Revenge in the Minds of these People; What do you think of it, WON'T THEY REBEL?*

2. Another in as much Concern, comes with another Question; *This Memorial*, says he, *Threatens hard*; what the next Parliament will do to the Ministers of State, *Certainly they Desigh another Task*; What think you, will they Venture to bring another Occasional Bill into the House?

It is requisite, previous to the Consideration of these two Questions, to Examine, who is to be understood here by the Word *THEY*; Won't *THEY* Rebel? And will *THEY* bring in another Bill?

And not to carry my Readers round about the Bush; I shall not pretend to put my Glof upon it, or Examine who, and what sorts of Men ought to be understood here; but I'll give the same Direct Answer the Enquirer gave me, when I return'd that Question upon them, *viz.* These *Jacobites* and *Tackers*,  
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for they are always together in their Society, and their Arguments, said the Person, to which I agree, and in their Principles too.

I shall take the first Question a little to pieces, and Answer it perhaps in a Different manner from what some People expect; who in Case they had Courage enough to make the Attempt, Despise it with a Contempt too low for the Circumstance.

I allow that this Party of Men have given us frequent Occasion to Contemn their Performances this way; and a Man might really judge they have no thoughts of it from Common Charity to their Discretion, that they know better things; and I cannot in this case omit a Quotation out of an Ancient Poem, made by a Modern Author, whose Sense these Gentlemen will readily allow, he having since that set up for a Mighty Champion of this very High-Church Cause, and this is no less a Man than Mr. W—ly, who when he was pleased to Write another way, than he does now, wrote a Famous Poem, called *Gigantomachia*, 'or an Account of a Bloody Fight between three Pagan, or High-Church Knights, and a Christian or Whiggish Gyant; to explain the Fable of which, the Story was in short this; That Three Worthy City Knights having got a Poor Fellow that works to them, to the Tavern, they would make him *Drink the Duke of York's Health*; the Poor Man refused, although his Livelihood depended upon them; upon which, they took upon them to give him Personal Correction. This so moved the Flesh and Blood of the Man, that *Nature Rebelling against Principle*, nay, and against his Interest too, he fell out with them, Beat them all Three, Kick'd them down Stairs, and Bruis'd their Understandings in a most Unmerciful Manner, and the Civil Gentlemen gave him next Day one Hundred Pounds to hold his Tongue; but the Story coming abroad in a few Days, Mr. W—ly made this Unhappy Poem upon them, and according to his Extraordinary Genius, concludes it very aptly in a General Exhortation to the Party, thus;

*Then, Tories, take a Friend's Advice,  
Well Wisher to your Nose and Eyes,  
Who never lik'd this Enterprize  
To Whigland so Delighting.*

*Drink for the Duke, while you can stand,  
Chase all Phanaticks round the Land,  
With Glasses ready Charg'd in Hand,  
But pray take heed of Fighting.*

From this very Principle, when the Question I am upon was started, *Will they Rebel?* I am afraid not, said another who did not so much consider the Case, as I hope some have done.

To these Gentlemen who are so warm this way, I take the Freedom to say as our Saviour, to those forward Disciples that were for calling for Fire from Heaven, *Ye know not what Spirit you are of*; for my part, I declare it to be my Opinion, they will never really Rebel, that it is not in their Thoughts, nor have they either Interest, Numbers, or Courage for the Attempt.

In the next place, I cannot wish they would, because in Charity to them, as Mistaken Gentlemen, but Fellow English Men and Protestants, I cannot wish their Destruction, which would most certainly be the Effect of any such Preposterous Attempt; I cannot think any Man can be pleas'd to see Men that are of the same Blood and Climate with our selves, Neighbours and Sociates however Mistaken, and Ignorantly prepossess'd, Hurry themselves on to Inevitable Ruine, and Precipitate their Families and Innocent Children, in the Foolish, as well as Fatal Consequences of their Father's Passions. I cannot see a Murderer go to his Deserved Execution, without pitying Humane Nature, forsaken of Divine Conduct, and abandoned of that Influence that in others Restrains them from the same Excesses; and for this Reason, and very few other, I cannot wish these People to be so weak to their own Interest, and so foolishly Blind to their particular Safety, as to Enter upon Violence.

But lest this Charity of mine should be Abused, and taken, according to Custom, for a Gloss put upon real Apprehensions, I must take the Freedom to Explain my self, that without any Boasting, I think this Nation need be in no Fears for the Matter; the Party have indeed shewn their Teeth, Snarl'd at the Government, and Talk'd of it a little; a certain sign to me, they *Dare do*



no more than Talk of it : For had they any such real Design, they would be the last to Talk of it themselves ; but as to the real Danger of it, I see through it with a great deal of Satisfaction ; the Power of the Party is too far Crush'd, their Heads are more Dangerous than their Hands, and the force of their Numbers, is a meer Scare-Crow.

It is true, that they are Dangerous in their Private Attempts to Divide us, and of that I shall speak by it self ; but while I am Treating of their Open Violence, this is an Argument against it ; for were they able to Reduce the Nation, and alter the Government by force, they would not fail to attempt it, especially now they have *French* Power at their Back, and the Nation Embarrass'd in a Bloody and Hazardous War. To what purpose then are all our Fears ? Their Discretion is our Protection ; you see our Armies are Abroad, our Fleets gone a length from whence they cannot soon be Recall'd ; our Force at Home small, all is Naked and Open ; if their Strength were suitable to their Good Will, they would certainly attempt it in such a Time as this ; and 'tis plain, the Terrours of their own Guilt, will not suffer them to make the attempt ; they know the very Common People of *England*, would Tear them to Pieces ; they know the Mob of *England*, will have no *Popery*, will never go back, will no more be Reconciled to the Church of *France*, than to the Government of *France*, and they are Convinced there is no meddling with us that way.

And for this Reason they make their Attempts another way, that is, by private Suggestions, Dividing openly the Breaches, making Wounds where there were none ; blowing up Divisions and Animosities, Fomenting Jealousies and Fears, and Ill Blood among those who have but one Interest, and can have in reason but one Design.

In this Vile Attempt, it must be confess'd, they have had too much Success, and the fatal Consequences have been too apparent ; their Designs have had such a Progress on the Unhappy Tempers of the People, that here they have given us too much cause to think them Dangerous.

I could launch out here in a very Pathetic Exclamation, at the Blindness and Folly of this Nation, in suffering their Senses to be Stupified and Bewildred with the Empty Arguments of a Party, whose plain Design is to Embroil us all ; and indeed it is with Difficulty I restrain my self in this Case, to see *Protestants*, Fellow *Christians*, Neighbours, and *English* Men, Bire and Devour one another, while a Party of Men stand behind the Curtain, *Look them on*, as Butchers do their Bull-Dogs, and Shout, Halloo, and Rejoyce, when they see the Blood of the Unchristian Wounds, Stain both Parties ; the Object is Melancholy and Moving, and he must have a very small Concern for the Good of his Native Country, who can see it, and not be sensibly affected with the sad Consequences of it.

This indeed, is the only way that these People are Dangerous, their Hands have nothing Terrible in them, the force they can use, is a Trifle ; but this way they are Fire-brands, and like *Jampson's* Foxes, they Destroy the Harvest of our Tranquillity.

'Tis true, the Evil is in our selves, and is wholly owing to our own Folly and Blindness, in suffering a Party of Men, whose Ends are so Notoriously known to be the General Destruction of our Religion and Liberty, gain so much Ground of us, and obtain so much upon the Temper of our People, as to work our General Uneasiness.

It is their Crime indeed, who attempt to Divide us, but it is our Folly to be Divided ; and could we but see through the weak Shams and Pretences of the Party, could we but open our Eyes to the real Interest of our Families, and Consider our selves as *English* Men, and as *Christians*, we should easily avoid this Snare.

I shall never attempt to do any thing which another more Worthy, and more Capable, has done before me ; I know nothing I can do in this Case better, to move us all to Concurr in the General Peace of Neighbours, and Charity of *Christians*, than to recommend to the Reading and Serious Consideration of that Excellent Sermon Preach'd by the Reverend *Dr. Wallis*, at the Cathedral of *St. Paul's* in the Presence of the Queen and Nobility, on the last Thanksgiving Day ;

a Sermon worthy of him that Preach'd it, and of those that heard it; a Sermon Preach'd with that Zeal, Compos'd with that Care, Sincerity of Affection, and Honest Design for the General Good, that as a most Incomparable Performance, I cannot but press all my Readers to the Practice of its Particulars.

A Sermon, that besides its Extraordinaries of Method, Language, and Argument, has the particular Qualification of being *a Word spoke in Season*; a Sermon that Touches our real Disease, and if we are not harden'd beyond the Common Rate, must move us to Consider and Enquire, why we, who might otherwise be the happiest Nation in the World, are the most Divided, the most Distracted, Uncharitable, of all our Neighbours; among whom nothing is to be seen but *Judab* Vexing *Ephraim*, and *Ephraim* Envying *Judab*; and of whom it may be justly Prophesied, "That if we thus go on to Bite and Devour one another, we shall at last be Devoured one of another."

To Men of any Honesty, Sincerity, or Concern for their Native Country, the Moving Eloquence of this Sermon, must be Effectual; as for *Neither Millstones*, as for People given up, to them 'tis in vain to Preach, all Sermons are useless among them; they must be let alone, till being fill'd with their own Devices, They become the Authors both of their own Crimes, and their own Punishment; for of such it may be safely said, Their Destruction is their own, and the Nation has nothing to fear from their Power.

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